

# THE FAMILY CIRCLE

SALLY RAND'S... has fore-  
sawed the show at Chicago  
and relieved many an upright  
civic leader who'd sunk his  
dough in the fair. And right  
now Solly isn't hurting Son  
Francisco any, either. But her  
fame—like Rockefeller's dimes  
fame—the small change that led to  
the big change in his reputa-  
tion—is all owed to pres-  
cientry. See "The Build-up  
Boys," starting on page 12

HENRY FONDA... is, most  
will agree, young Mr. Lincoln  
to the life. Which is largely  
why "Young Mr. Lincoln" is  
highly recommended for the  
whole family. See page 18

MOTHER MARY TUSCH...  
wears the emblems of the  
Army and Navy air services.  
And that's because hundreds  
of their fliers are among her  
boys. Their meeting place is  
Hongor at Berkeley, Cali-  
fornia. See article, page 14



# Inviting Summer Suppers



## MOST POPULAR

Bologna  
Ham Leaf  
Minced Ham  
Goose Liver  
Spiced Ham  
Salami  
Baked Ham  
Boiled Ham  
Thuringer  
Vend Leaf

● Let your ice-box be king in your kitchen! Fisher Meat Departments have a large and varied assortment of prepared cold meats. Maybe you'd better look into these inviting summer suppers—that, incidentally, keep you away from the hot stove!

# Fisher's COLD MEATS ★

# The Family Circle

All advertised products guaranteed • All recipes thoroughly tested

HARRY H. EVANS, Editor

JULIA LEE WRIGHT, Director, Homemakers' Bureau

Editorial Advisory Staff: JAN C. MAYER, Art

R. R. ENDICOTT, Manuscripts

## The Personal Touch

MRS. A. V. KASUBKE, 1542 E. 58th Dr., Los Angeles, California, tells us that the author of this poem is 92 years of age and blind, but has had this and several other verses published in *Health Magazine* of Hollywood. Our thanks to Mrs. Kasubke for the opportunity to reprint it here.

### THE WIND AND THE FOREST

The wind came up and whispered to the oak  
and pine  
Fingering little notes of soft green music on  
the air...  
And all the forest leaves  
That ring by jeweled hinges,  
From the tips of twigs  
On boughs,  
Clashed their small cymbals joyously...  
And danced before the forest.  
—ESTELLE THOMPSON

WE are indeed grateful to Anne Thurlow, 200 Hearn Ave., Santa Rosa, California, for sending this verse by the author of "Trees."

### ROOFS

The road is wide and the stars are out  
and the breath of the night is sweet,  
And this is the time when wanderlust  
should seize upon my feet,  
But I'm glad to turn from the open road  
and the starlight on my face,  
And to leave the splendor of old doors  
for a human dwelling place.

I never have seen a vagabond who  
really liked to rove  
All up and down the streets of the world  
and not to have a home;  
The tramp who slept in your barn last night  
and left at the break of day  
Will wonder only what he finds  
another place to stay.

A gypsy-man will sleep in his cart  
with canvas overhead;  
Or else he'll go into his tent  
when it is time for bed.  
He'll sit on the grass and take his ease  
so long as the sun is high,  
But when it is dark he wants a roof  
to keep away the sky.

If you call a gypsy a vagabond,  
I think you do him wrong,  
For he never goes a-traveling  
but he takes his home along  
And the only reason a road is good,  
as every wanderer knows,  
is just because of the homes, the homes,  
the homes to which it goes.

They say that life is a highway  
and its milestones are the years,  
And now and then there's a tollgate  
where you buy your way with tears.  
It's a rough road and a steep road  
and it stretches broad and far,  
But at last it leads to a Golden Town  
where Golden Houses are.  
—JOYCE KILMER

WE are glad indeed to pass along these contributions from Mary Seinton, 1543 W. 8th St., Upland, California. "Ingratitude," she tells us, was clipped years ago from the *Los Angeles Times Sunday Magazine*, and "Gardens" from *Mother's Home Life*.

### INGRATITUDE

The sun was shining in my eyes  
And I could hardly see  
To do the necessary task  
That was allotted me.

Recentful of the vivid glare,  
I started to complain;  
When all at once upon the air  
I heard a blind man's cry.  
—HAZEL BLOOMGARDEN

### GARDENS

Gardens are such friendly things!  
They set the neighbors calling,  
"Don't you want some zinnia seed?"  
Or "Rain will soon be falling.  
See, my marigolds are up!  
Your sweet peas—are they growing?"  
Pretty soon you've got a friend  
Almost without your knowing.

Little paths across the grass  
Link you to your neighbor.  
You just have to go and see  
The products of his labor.  
Gardens are such friendly things;  
They raise much more than flowers.  
Friendships true and kind and strong  
Spring from garden hours.

FOR this verse from *Mumsey's Magazine* we are indebted to Dr. Katherine M. Beaumont, 827 Morgan Bldg., Portland, Oregon.

Your wistful eyes searched each one as he  
passed,  
Stray dog, so lost, so starved and starkly  
thin,  
And yet your gallant hope held to the last  
That there would come a heart to take you  
in.

Some came who jeered at your bewilderedment;  
Some kicked you, shunted, threw things till  
you'd gone.  
But oh, more cruel was the one who bent  
on  
And petted you, and murmured, and—went  
on.  
—CHARLOTTE MIER

PRESENTED BY FISHER FOODS, CHAMPIONS OF GOOD LIVING  
for whom the Cleveland edition of The Family Circle Magazine is exclusively published

TO Mary Agnes O'Brien, 13717 Beachwood Ave., Cleveland, Ohio, we send thanks for the opportunity to reprint this poem.

### IF

If radio's slim fingers can pluck a tune  
From night—and toss it o'er a continent or  
sea;

If the petaled white roses of a violin  
Are blown across the mountains or the city's  
dew;

If songs, like crimson roses, are called  
From this blue air;  
Why should mortals wonder if God hears  
prayer?  
—ETHEL ROMING FULLER

TO Mrs. Carl G. Sims, R.F.D., Engle Rd., Berea, Ohio, we are indebted for these selections from the writings of John M. Lindsay.

Music washes away from the soul the dust  
of everyday life.

Happiness may be thought, sought, or caught  
—but never bought.

Flowers play music to the eye, and music  
paints flowers for the ear.

FRANCES SHERWOOD, 3700 N. Ninth St., Arlington, Virginia, joins our Personal Touch contributors with these two quotations.

Time wasted is existence, time used is life.  
—YORRNO

The worlds in which we live are two—the  
world "I can't" and the world "I do."  
—BURTON

HELEN POLACEK, 602 W. 15th St., Elyria, Ohio, sends us these reprint selections, and we are glad to pass them along.

### EVENING

The moon like a flower  
In heaven's high bow  
With silent delight  
Sits and smiles on the night.  
—WILLIAM BLAKE

I'm glad the sky is pointed blue  
And the earth is pointed green,  
With such a lot of nice fresh air  
All sandwiched in between.

### A MODERN RECIPE

Take one natural born fool, some booze, and  
a motor car.  
Soak the fool well with booze.  
Place in a car and turn him loose.  
When finished, extract the fool from the  
wreckage, pack in a black plush-lined  
box, and garnish with flowers.

FROM Mrs. A. B. Smith, 1829 G St., N.W., Washington, D. C. comes this welcome reprint verse.

The hills close round me and I thirst  
And hunger for the sea;  
There is no food for such as I  
Where peaks shut in a strip of sky—  
I crave infinity.

Behind a mountain sinks the sun  
Before the day is o'er,  
While far away his rays still leave,  
'Neath opal skies, the tinted wave  
Upon a rocky shore.

Would I could see the full moon rise  
From out an endless sea.  
There is no food for such as I  
Where peaks shut in a strip of sky—  
I crave infinity.

—ELISA VAN WYCK

(Please turn to page 10)

PREPARED WEEKLY BY THE FAMILY CIRCLE, INC., 2070 WOODBURN BUILDING, NEWARK, N. J. R. E. LEVYMAN, ASSISTING MANAGER. NEW YORK, CHICAGO, AND SAN FRANCISCO REPRESENTATIVES: THE FAMILY CIRCLE MAGAZINE, INC., 600 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK CITY 17; 5 N. WILSON ST., CHICAGO, ILL.; AND 1015 BELL ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF. CONTENTS COPYRIGHTED 1935 BY THE FAMILY CIRCLE, INC. 1015 BELL ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF. PRINTED IN U.S.A.



"It's all pretty obvious, Sam," Judy said. "Judy Blake hasn't got what it takes! That's it, isn't it?" And then she stalked out before Sam could speak.

**THEY'LL** tell you in Hollywood that Sam Hertle's Caramac Productions, Inc. is the smoothest running outfit on the Coast. And they'll be right. That's because Sam Hertle runs it.

Sam Hertle's no Stalin—unless you can imagine a kind, roly-poly, bald-headed Stalin who uses diplomacy for bullets and placates his enemies instead of shooting them. That would be Sam Hertle, holding the reins—soft, silken ones—and running the works. Just take the case of Judy Blake.

Judy Blake played only two performances on Broadway, but they were enough. It had taken her three years to get to Broadway but only two performances to get to Hollywood.

The play was a dish of wordy tripe called "Love Enters Last." It heaved into the Algonquin one night for what

*sweet, simple, and*

turned out to be no more than a temporary stopover on its trip to the bone yard. But while it was there, Slick Stevens caught a lead of a very bright spot—that was Judy—in a very dull play, and the next morning he had her name sitting on one of those all-important dotted lines that grace the bottom of a Caramac contract. Slick wired Sam Hertle **HAVE JUST SIGNED FIND OF THE YEAR**, and sent Judy kiting out to the Coast.

Four days later Judy was in Sam's office, telling him and Mike Westerly all about her struggles, her artistic ambitions, and her determination to carry on in the movies a career that had almost died on the stage. She was going to be a Cornell, a Fontanne, a Hayes, a Garbo, with a few of the finer points of Bernhardt mixed in. Judy was very

ILLUSTRATED BY WAYNE COLVIN

young, and in her telling of all this she was naive and simple and earnest—terribly earnest.

When she had gone, Sam said to Mike Westerly, "Well?" Mike nodded his head knowingly, approvingly.

"Sweet, simple, demure," he said. "Down East" stuff."

"Exactly." Sam liked to have his impressions confirmed, and he respected Westerly's judgment. "Gingham dresses. In the farmyard, being kind to the chickens. The old homely virtues. She won't have to act them; she is them!"

"Of course," Mike said, rising and spreading his hands wide, "she wants to be an actress. You heard her say that."

"Don't they all," Sam sighed. "But they soon learn it's a business we got here and not an endowed Little Theatre in Sleepy Valley."

SAM found a nice spot for Judy in a farm picture. It was one of those simple tales that are remade again and again because they seem to make everybody leave the theatre feeling good. Judy did a sweet job with the bit she had, and after the film had been showing a month, Sam had received a lot of favorable comment on Judy's performance. The critics had hinted that Judy showed promise, but the comment Sam cared about was that which came from the distributors, who are to Sam what the Oracle was to Delphi. Sam respected the critics but he listened to the distributors.

So he went right to work to build up Judy Blake as quickly as he could. He ordered Mike Westerly to set the publicity wheels in motion. He gave Judy a better role in her second picture and an even fatter one in her third. When the good notices kept bouncing back, he began looking around for a script she could really do a job on—something that would land her in the starring department with a bang. After a couple of weeks' futile search, Sam called Mike Westerly into his office one morning.

Sam was frowning as he slid a manuscript across the desk.

"It's a story, Mike," he said. "Judy Blake brought it to me. She wants to do the lead in it in a picture."

Mike picked up the story without comment.

"Read it," Sam said. "Me—I don't think so. But I want to hear what you think."

The next morning Sam heard what Mike Westerly thought. What Mike thought was that the story (it wasn't in scenario form yet) was a hokey—that it was surefire movie material. "But," Mike said, "I don't think it's the sort of story for Judy Blake."

Sam nodded eagerly. "I know," he said.

"Where did she get it?" Mike asked.

"Some friend of hers. Some fellow who isn't even in the

business. He got the idea from an old novel, brought it up to date, and gave it to Judy."

"You ought to get him on the pay roll. The lad knows a good story, and judging from this sample, he can turn out sweet dialogue."

"I'll put him on the pay roll," Sam Hertle said absently. "And Caramac will make the picture. But not with Judy Blake. Somebody like Madelyn LeRoy, maybe."

Mike started to say something but stopped when the door opened and Judy Blake came in. She was radiant and as sweet and fresh as new-mown hay.

"Hello, honey," Sam said, and he took her wrap. He looked, however, like Boris Karloff about to give the cleaver to a nice young lamb. What was going to make his telling her harder was that he was very fond of Judy. In the right way, of course, for Sam was one of the best family men on the Coast. He had a wife and two grand kids, and he'd lose an arm before he'd hurt any one of them.

"Did you read it, Sam?" Judy asked eagerly, before Sam could get back to his chair.

"I read it," Sam said heavily. "It will make a good movie."

Judy lit up like a sunrise. "When do we start?"

Sam drew a deep breath and plunged. "We don't start," he said. "Anyhow, not you, Judy. It isn't the kind of part for you, honey."

The sun went down. Judy looked at him as if he had stabbed her. "You mean—you think I couldn't do it?"

"You could do anything, Judy. It's not that. It's the part—it isn't your type, Judy."

"Type" was an unfortunate word, as Sam found out an instant after he had uttered it.

"I'm not a type!" Judy cried. "I'm an actress! Can't you understand that? I'm a woman—Judy Blake. But on the screen I'm a character—I'm whatever part I play. I'm not a type!"

"Of course," Sam said soothingly, trying to ease the fall. "But this part's not for you, Judy. The woman here is a charmer, a heartbreaker. She trifles with the affections of a man, she makes him run after her, she keeps him dangling. Then when she's sure of him, she laughs and runs away."

That made things worse. "I understand," Judy said, her voice low and ominous. "The woman must be irresistible. Therefore Judy Blake won't do."

Sam went all red and looked appealingly at Mike Westerly. "You tell her, Mike," he pleaded. "I don't mean to insult her. You tell her."

Mike tried. "Judy," he said. "Please listen. Sam likes you. He believes you're a sweet, (Please turn to page 6)

## demure

JUDY WANTED TO BE A GLAMOUR GIRL,  
BUT ALL THAT HOLLYWOOD WOULD GIVE  
HER WERE WHOLESOME ROLES. SO JUDY  
DECIDED SHE'D SHOW THE EXPERTS . . .  
BY JAMES FRANCIS BONNELL



## OUR NEIGHBORS' NONSENSE

SWEET, SIMPLE, AND DEMURE

(Continued from page 5)

unspoiled, innocent little girl. And you are. He worships the very ground you trod over, and he just can't see you as the wild, flamboyant, sex-appealing creature this part calls for. And neither can I."

Sam looked hopefully toward her, but Judy hadn't been listening. She rose determinedly and went for her wrap.

"It's all pretty obvious, Sam," she said. "Judy Blake just hasn't got what it takes! That's it, isn't it, in words of one syllable?" Then she stalked out before Sam could speak.

THINGS were tough for Judy when the news got out, as it was bound to, that she had brought in the role for herself and it had been given to Madelyn LeRoy. One reason for the news' getting out was LeRoy herself.

LeRoy was Caramac's No. 1 glamour girl. She couldn't act worth hills, but she had what was needed to land in the boys' from 50 miles around after a long day with the bees. She was box-office and she knew it. And if she had been inclined to forget that she was glamorous, there was always Archie Frantz around to remind her of it.

Archie Frantz had not only millions but all the time in the world and a heart devoted to LeRoy. Plenty of girls in the film colony had made a play for Archie, but for two years now he had remained true to Caramac's leading siren. Archie pleaded with Madelyn to marry him, but she treated him like a monkey on a stick, keeping him dangling. Everybody knew she'd snip him off and grab him for her very own when she was good and ready, and that meanwhile he was as safe as if he were in that vault 200 feet underground at Fort Knox, Kentucky.

Judy was under contract and she had to do whatever picture Sam Hertle assigned her to, so there was nothing she could do but grin and take it when LeRoy began smirking around the lot about her new picture. Judy went to work in another farm opus. In it she was starred, and Sam had ordered the boys to build her role up to the limit. Sam also gave the picture his best director and cameraman, and altogether it looked as if it would be the greatest hearts-and-flowers effort of all time. But what was most surprising (even to Mike Westerly, who swore he was past the age for surprises) was the calmness with which Judy took it.

"Honey," he said to her one day shortly after the scene in Sam's office, "that fellow who gave you the story—that Harris lad—he's got the stuff, that boy has."

Judy's eyes lit up. "I'm glad you think so, Mike," she said.

"Sam has put him to work with Specs Lovett, our ace scripter, and Specs tells me he's doing a great job."

"He—he's a wonderful boy, Mike," Judy said, coloring a little, "and I'm glad to see him getting his chance."

"I see," Mike said, and then he added, "—or do I?"

Judy really blushed then. "Yes, Mike," she said, "you do. I love him. That's why I went to bat with Sam for his story in the first place—though I sincerely thought I could do the lead."

"I think he's in now," Mike said. "If he and Lovett turn out the sort of script they should with that yarn, he ought to be collecting regular checks for quite a time. Sam's fair that way."

ONCE again everything was running with the old Hertle smoothness. Judy was apparently over her peeve and working on her best picture to date. LeRoy's starrer was being rushed into production. Judy's boy friend, Bob Harris, had a job—one with a future. The wheels were turning quietly and eff-

(Please turn to page 9)



"Scuttle my dinghy! Caviar again!"

—KAY D. SEARCY



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—SEARCY FOR UNITED FEATURE SYNDICATE, INC.

"Thank heaven we live in a country where there ain't no dictators!"

**BLACKSTONE SALAD DRESSING**—It contributes that certain something to lettuce and vegetable salads—To 1 cup salad dressing, add 2/3 cup olive oil, 1/2 cup vinegar, 3 tbsps. chili sauce, 1 tbsp. chopped pimiento, 1 tbsp. chopped pickled onion, 1/4 tsp. salt, and dash of pepper; beat well to mix.

**CHEESE-OLIVE DRESSING**—Adds sparkle to vegetable salads—Blend 1 cup salad dressing into 1/2 pkg. pimiento cream cheese; add 3 tbsps. finely sliced ripe olives and 1 tsp. finely cut parsley.

**MUSTARD DRESSING**—Gives a lift to meat salads—To 1 cup salad dressing, add 1/2 cup whipping cream, whipped, and 1/4 cup prepared mustard.

**BILTMORE DRESSING**—A dressing de luxe for fruit, fish, and vegetable salads—To 1 cup salad dressing, add 1/4 cup grated cucumber and 1/4 cup sliced blanched toasted almonds.

**BANANA-NUT DRESSING**—Fruit salad favorite—To 1 cup salad dressing, add 1/2 cup mashed ripe banana, 3 tbsps. finely chopped walnut meats, 1 tsp. lemon juice, and 1/2 tsp. sugar.

**CHILI-DILL DRESSING**—Use it as a dressing or cocktail sauce for vegetable and sea food salads. Delicious on meat salads, too—To 1 cup salad dressing, add 3 tbsps. finely chopped dill pickle and 2 tbsps. chili sauce.

**PARMESAN CHEESE DRESSING**—Use when vegetable or green salads need

zest—To 1 cup salad dressing, add 2 tbsps. Parmesan cheese and 3 tbsps. finely sliced stuffed green olives.

**HORSERADISH DRESSING**—Delicious as dressing for meat salads or as an accompaniment to cold sliced meats—To 1 cup salad dressing, add 1 tbsp. prepared horseradish.

**SWISS CHEESE DRESSING**—Pair this with fruit salad—To 1 cup salad dressing, add 1/4 cup shredded Swiss cheese.

**TOMATO DRESSING**—Delightful with greens and vegetable salads—To 1 cup salad dressing, add 1 cup finely cubed, well drained tomatoes.

#### FRENCH DRESSING FASHIONS

**PARISIENNE CHIFFONADE DRESSING**—Adds new flavor to vegetable, sea food, and green salads—To 1/2 cup French dressing, add 1 tbsp. each of chopped green pepper, chopped pimiento, chopped ripe olives, and sweet or sour pickle and 1 chopped hard-cooked egg.

**SNAPPY DRESSING**—Especially delicious with greens and citrus fruit salads—Blend together 1/4 cup French dressing and 1/4 cup Roquefort cheese.

**SPICE DRESSING**—For new spice in sea food, vegetable, and green salads—To 1/4 cup French dressing, add 1 tbsp. prepared horseradish, 1/4 tsp. dry mustard, 1 tbsp. chopped chives or green onion tops, and 1 tbsp. finely cut parsley.

**AMERICAN DRESSING**—Enhances fruit and green salads—To 1 cup French dressing, add 1/4 cup orange juice, 1/2 tsp. paprika, and 1/4 cup finely grated American cheese.

**JELLY DRESSING**—Something different for fruit salads—To 1 cup French dressing, add 2 tbsps. currant jelly; beat well to mix.

**CLEAN FRENCH DRESSING**—The gourmet's choice for green salads—To 1 cup French dressing, add 2 tbsps. pastry cream, 1/4 tsp. dry mustard, and 1/2 tsp. sugar; beat well to mix.



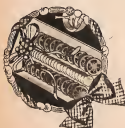
IT'S truly remarkable the number of dressings which can be made from those three popular salad dressings on your grocer's shelves—Mayonnaise, French Dressing, and Salad Dressing. Mayonnaise, perhaps the most popular of the salad-dressing family, may be turned into a host of different dressings, and French Dressing and so-called Salad Dressing also have many possible variations. So with so many styles of salad dressings available, there's really no reason for monotony in the salad course.

Of course, the dressing should be chosen to harmonize with the salad it complements, just as the salad is chosen with an eye to the other foods on the menu. Light peppery dressing, for example, is the best choice for an opening course salad, for it awakens the appetite for the foods to come. A heavier dressing would be best on a main course luncheon salad where a more substantial salad and dressing are appropriate. Dessert salad dressings, which usually appear on fruit, may be of the rich variety.

In order to know which dressings are most suitable for various salads, it is necessary to understand the differences between the basic dressings themselves. Mayonnaise is by far the richest of ready-made dressings. It is a complete emulsion of a large percentage of vegetable oil, egg yolks or whole eggs, vinegar or lemon juice (or both), and other seasonings such as salt and sugar. The oil gives Mayonnaise a heartiness which is ideal if a substantial dressing is required, as in a main course salad.

"Kitchening"—a cheerful red binder, completely indexed and designed to hold more than 200 pages—is ideal for these cutout papers, as well as for pet recipes of your own. Send for one of these useful, attractive binders and start making your own cook book. We're offering "Kitchening"—post-paid—for only 25c in coin or stamps. Send your order with your return address marked plainly on the outside of the envelope to Julia Lee Wright in care of The Family Circle Magazine, Box 660, Oakland, California.

Julia Lee Wright



## THE FAMILY CIRCLE

## Green Goddess

Salad Dressing (usually marketed under various trade names) is, generally speaking, a happy medium between boiled dressing and Mayonnaise. This dressing, in most cases, contains some oil but not so much as Mayonnaise and it is zestier in flavor than Mayonnaise. Salad Dressing in its variations is delicious with salads which require a dressing which is not heavy and yet not too light. It is particularly delicious with potato salads.

As far as ingredients go, French Dressing is the simplest of all dressings, for it contains no egg and less oil than Mayonnaise but more vinegar or lemon juice. Some French Dressings separate in the bottle, so they must be shaken well before they are used. The flavor and tang of French Dressing makes it particularly desirable for salads requiring a light, peppery, sharp dressing.

All three of these dressings should be stored under the same conditions—in a cool dry place. Extreme temperatures of heat or cold should be avoided. This applies especially to Mayonnaise in order to keep the oil from separating from the other ingredients. Dressings should also be kept covered to prevent evaporation of the liquids.

It's the wise homemaker who keeps all three dressings on hand to be used as is or varied to add sparkle to everyday salads. We've included a number of ways of dressing up these dressings in delicious style and we recommend them as being truly delectable. And while you're at it, why not create some dressing vogues of your own? It's a lot of fun to see how many ways Mayonnaise, Salad Dressing, and French Dressing may be styled for good eating.

## Salad Dressing



Julia Lee Wright

Director, Homemakers' Bureau,  
The Family Circle Magazine,  
Box 660, Oakland, California



Avocado Dressing

## JULY 7

## MAYONNAISE MODES

**THOUSAND ISLAND DRESSING**—A *pet variation. Especially delicious with green and vegetable salads*—To 1 cup mayonnaise, add 2 tbsps. chopped green pepper, 2 tbsps. chopped pimiento, 1 tsp. onion juice, 1 chopped hard-cooked egg, 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce, 1 tsp. catsup, and 2 tbsps. chili sauce.

**RUSSIAN-TYPE DRESSING**—Try this on sea food, vegetable salads, and greens—To 1 cup mayonnaise, add  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup thick chili sauce; mix lightly to blend. Add relishes if desired.

**CREAM CHEESE DRESSING**—The flavor's perfect with fruit and vegetable salads—Cream 1 pkg. cream cheese with a little milk or cream and combine with 1 cup mayonnaise.

**DRESSING LOUIS**—It dresses sea foods delightfully—To 1 cup mayonnaise, add 12 finely chopped stuffed olives,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup finely sliced celery, 2 tbsps. chopped pickle relish,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup chili sauce, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  tsp. Worcestershire sauce.

**GREEN GODDESS SALAD DRESSING**—An epicurean dressing. (It's most popular at a large San Francisco hotel.) Especially delicious on greens and sea foods—To 1 cup mayonnaise, add 3 tbsps. finely cut parsley, 3 tbsps. sliced green onion, 2 tbsps. chopped chives or green onion tops, 1 2-oz. can smothery fillets, 1 tsp. tarragon vinegar, 2 tbsps. lemon juice,  $\frac{1}{4}$  tsp. salt, and dash of pepper.

**GOLDEN GATE DRESSING**—Adds interest to fruit salads—To 1 cup mayonnaise, add  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup finely chopped raisins, 2 tbsps. finely chopped walnut meats, 6 finely cut dates, and 1 tsp. grated orange rind.

**AVOCADO DRESSING**—Destined to be a favorite for fruit, vegetable, and sea food salads—Combine 1 cup mayonnaise with  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup avocado pulp; season with onion juice.

**PEANUT BUTTER DRESSING**—Styled for cabbage, carrot, and fruit salads—Combine 1 cup mayonnaise with  $\frac{1}{2}$

cup peanut butter; season with few drops of lemon juice.

**ROQUEFORT CHEESE DRESSING**—A citrus fruit special. larty with lettuce, too—Blend 4 tbsps. softened cheese with 1 cup mayonnaise.

**HARVEST DRESSING**—Flavored for garden salads—Combine  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup mayonnaise and  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup French dressing with  $\frac{1}{2}$  tsp. Worcestershire sauce and  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup chili sauce. Beat with rotary beater to mix.

**HAM-PICKLE DRESSING**—Recommended as sandwich spread or as a dressing for head lettuce, greens, and sliced tomatoes—To 1 cup mayonnaise, add 4 tbsps. finely ground boiled ham and 2 tbsps. finely chopped sweet pickle.

**REMOLADE DRESSING**—A New Orleans salad dressing *trump* for sea food salads and cocktails—To  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup mayonnaise, add finely minced bud of garlic, 1 finely chopped hard-cooked egg, 2 tbsps. finely cut green onion, 1 tsp. finely cut parsley, 1 tsp. prepared mustard, and 1 tsp. prepared horseradish.

**WHIPPED CREAM DRESSING**—For topping off dessert salads—Combine equal parts mayonnaise and whipped cream.

**TARTAR SAUCE**—A jiffy sauce for hot or cold fish—Combine 1 cup mayonnaise with 1 tsp. chopped ripe or green olives, 1 tsp. finely cut parsley, and 1 tsp. finely chopped sour pickle.

**COCKTAIL SAUCE**—A peppery opening course sauce. Especially delicious with sea food and vegetable cocktails—To 1 cup mayonnaise, add  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chili sauce,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup catsup,  $\frac{1}{4}$  tsp. Worcestershire sauce, 4 drops tabasco sauce, 1 tsp. lemon juice, and 2 tbsps. finely chopped green pepper.

## SALAD DRESSING STYLES

**POTPOURRI DRESSING**—Colorful and delicious for greens and fruit salads—To  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup salad dressing, add  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped green pepper,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup diced orange sections, and  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup sliced stuffed olives.

Every week fresh fruits and vegetables flood the market and just beginning to be canned for winter enjoyment. (The JULY 7 issue of THE FAMILY CIRCLE has a list of the best fruits and vegetables to can this season.) If you can take advantage of all the new fruits and vegetables, you can make delicious and nutritious meals for your family. The BUREAU OF HOME ECONOMICS, U.S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE, has prepared a series of booklets which contain recipes and information on all methods of home canning. For your nearest source of these booklets, write to: BUREAU OF HOME ECONOMICS, U.S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE, WASHINGTON, D.C. 20250. For a yearbook of canning recipes, write to: BUREAU OF HOME ECONOMICS, U.S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE, WASHINGTON, D.C. 20250.

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## SWEET, SIMPLE, AND DEMURE

(Continued from page 6)

ciently, and Mike Westerly muttered a prayer that things might stay that way. But they didn't.

The first disturbance was an item in a gossip column one morning.

"Archib Frantz," said the item, "who for years and years has been devoted to what glamour girl, has found a new No. 1 playmate. None other than Sam Herlie's country lassie Judy Blake! They've been steadily doing the Derby and the Bowl together. Madelyn Leroy is burning, too, but not in the same way."

Mike dropped the paper and was reaching for the phone when the door burst open and Specs Lovett came in. His eyes were wild.

"Mike," he said, "you've got to get rid of him. I'm a gentle soul, but you've got to get rid of him!"

"Who?"

"Harris—the boy that Sam put on the LeRoy script with me. He's driving me—"

"What's wrong with him?"

"Nothing, really. He's a nice youngster and I hate to seem to be putting the knife in him, but he's—"

"Trying to tell you how to write the script?"

"No. I know how to squash birds like that. It's women trouble. Every night he either sits up and worries or goes to bed and dreams. And then the next day I get it. He asks my advice. Am I Dorothy Dix?"

"I'll handle it," Mike said. "I know the woman."

"Tell her for me," Specs Lovett pleaded, "please to take him back or do whatever it is he wants. Otherwise not only will Sam get no picture, but my wife and kids will have to talk through a grating whenever they come to visit me."

When Mike spoke to Judy about Harris's condition, she seemed pretty much amused by the whole business. "Sam can order my pictures," she said sweetly, "but not my love life. Tell him that."

"But what about Harris?" Mike asked. "You yourself said it was you and Harris, and now—"

Judy softened a little, but then she shrugged and said, "Bob Harris is a sweet boy and I'm very fond of him, but after all, Mike, a girl has to get around and meet different people. And Archie Frantz is grand company."

"But wait till the picture is set," Mike pleaded. "Then do whatever you please."

"My picture is nearly completed," Judy said. "We'll finish Monday or Tuesday. Sam is giving me a short vacation and I'm flying to Mexico for a rest. That will be on Wednesday. I'd like to have you and Sam come down to the airport to see me off, if you can get away. I—I may have a surprise for you both, Mike."

That was all Mike could get from her. The next night he saw Judy and Archie dancing at the Trocadero, and they looked blissfully happy. LeRoy was at a table in a corner and she looked as if she were trying to remember the address of a store that sold guns. Mike crossed his fingers and hoped for the best.

MIKE was surprised at the readiness with which Sam accepted Judy's invitation to come to the airport. He actually seemed eager to go. "After all, Mike," he said, "Judy behaved very decently in that picture squabble. If it will make her feel better to have us down there, the least we can do is to see her off. And on the way to the airport Sam bought three orchids for Judy."

She was already there when they arrived. She was leaning against the bar and Bob Harris was with her. Harris looked radiant, and Mike Westerly's first thought was, "Thank heavens! Now Lovett can finish that script!" Mike looked from Harris to

(Please turn to page 16)

## What can save the game?

AT the present time capital, labor, and Government are engaged in a kind of three-cornered fight. Each thinks that its own particular theory about what can save the nation is the only one. Each is harsh in its criticism of the ideas of the other two. At the risk of offering another suggestion to a world that may already contain too many, I would like to propose that we approach our national problem in the simplest way: Let us foster integrity. Confucius said, "Don't complain about the snow on your neighbor's roof when your own doorstep is dirty." And it seems to me that merely criticizing or attacking our opponents' theories will not help so much as cultivating our own virtues.

We are a great nation for experiments and theories. Every statute book bears witness to a thousand proposed systems, drawn up in the form of laws. Each one was intended as a cure-all that was to achieve social well-being. And when one didn't work, instead of abolishing it, we added a newer and, as we thought, better law.

But isn't it possible that like Disraeli's Englishmen "we put too much faith in systems and look too little to men"? Why not try to live as Epicurus recommended—"nobly and wisely and righteously"—and trust that wise systems will grow out of wise living? Lafayette wrote of George Washington, "In my idea, George Washington is the greatest, for I look upon him as the most virtuous." Isn't it just possible that our first President devised wise theories because of his own personal integrity?

If businessmen no longer proclaimed the constitutional rights of children to work in mines and factories, they would instill a greater integrity of purpose in industry. If labor would cease to include in its demands the mistakes of former capitalists, labor would dignify itself with an integrity of character. If candidates for public office sought election on a platform of personal integrity rather than by employing the customary vote-getting practices, they would elevate Government to the high position of respect which it should command. If all groups would demand corporate integrity as irreproachable as the personal integrity of the best leadership, America would awaken to a greater self-confidence born of self-respect.

In the arts and in science it is generally accepted that achievement is built out of character. Why should not that truth apply to our nation as a whole?

The distrust which Government and capital and labor have for one another reminds me of a baseball game in which the shortstop, second baseman, and center fielder are all determined to catch the same pop fly, but in the confusion of their individual efforts to make a grandstand play the ball is muffed. Likewise, if we show as little teamwork in our national life as these ballplayers, our national welfare will be muffed while labor, capital, and Government are shouting, "It's mine!"

Alden Wilson

## THE WIT OF THE WORLD

"Any fool can see that," said the man, concluding his argument.

"Well, I can't!" snapped his friend.

"Well, then, nearly any fool!"

—Puffer

"I'm going to take this pill to clear my head."

"I see—it's a sort of vacuum cleaner!"

—Sagebrush

Mother: Doctor, how's my little boy who swallowed the half dollar?

Doctor: I don't see any change yet!

—Lyre

"Did they take an X ray of your wife's jaw at the hospital?"

"They tried to, but they got a moving picture."

—Jug

A Scotchman is a person whose thrift teaches him to take long steps to save shoe leather but whose caution advises him to take short steps to avoid ripping his pants.

—Columbus

Doctor: Don't you know that kissing is a good way to catch germs?

Girl: Good? Why, it's perfect!

—Chaparral

Old lady: Where does this train go, porter?

Porter: To Troy and points west.

Old lady: Well, I want a train that goes to Syracuse and I don't care which way it points!

—Jack-o-Lantern

Have you heard about the cross-eyed teacher who couldn't control her pupils?

—Lampoon

## MOTHERS!

Here's delicious Milk Chocolate with Vitamins A, B<sub>1</sub> and D added!



Ask for BAKER'S new, JUMBO-SIZE sweet Milk Chocolate bar. Tastes extra rich and creamy. Gives extra benefits without extra cost.



Chopped to Bits • SOFT AND SWEET in Malted Weather

## THE PERSONAL TOUCH

(Continued from page 3)

GRACE E. ROBERTS, 309 N. Vine St., Peabody, Kansas, generously sends us some of her treasured clippings, which we are happy to pass along.

### AS TO LOOKS

Some folks in looks take so much pride  
They don't think much on what's inside.  
Well, as for me, I know my face  
Can ne'er be made a thing of grace,  
And so I rather think I'll see  
How I can fix it inside o' me  
So folks'll say, "He looks like sin,  
But ain't he beautiful within!"

—JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

### SCRAPBOOK

(FROM "THE HOUSE OF DREAMS")

This is my scrapbook—Here I keep my treasured thoughts—come take a peep. Come, kindred spirits, you will find a thought to cheer your troubled mind. These things I've cherished—odds and ends—I share them with my dearest friends—Come sit beside me and we'll look, and turn the pages of this book, and dream a dream of happy things—of trees and stars and flowers and wings—A life is a scrapbook, torn and old, in which our little lives are told. And when the twilight shadows fall, this is the sweetest thing of all: To turn the pages of the years, remembering with happy tears the faithful love, the perfect friend—These things are treasure to the end.

—PATIENCE STUBBS

There is no new thing to be said of Lincoln. Nor is there a new thing to be said of the mountains or the stars or the sea. The mountains ever tower in majesty above the shifting clouds. The quiet stars ever keep holy vigil above a third world. The mysterious sea ever robs on the shore. But to maintain and to star and to sea men ever turn in reverent homage. And thus with Lincoln, for he was mountain in majesty of thought. He was star in the steadfast purity of his purpose. He was sea in deep undervoice of sadness and mystery, and he abides.

IMPORTANT: Please do NOT submit verse written by yourself, or unpublished verse, to the Personal Touch department. We have a rule against using it—however good. We use ONLY verse that HAS BEEN PUBLISHED BEFORE, and we like it to be SHORT and of an INSPIRATIONAL OR HUMOROUS nature, because readers have expressed a preference for those kinds. And as we like to give proper credit for each verse we use, please try to tell us the name of the author of each verse you send in, and the name of the publication in which it first appeared.

WE are indebted to Eva Mae Boykin, 815 Wilson St., Longview, Texas, for this unusual contribution which she clipped recently from another publication.

### FOR MEN ONLY

One of the most popular jokes about 50 years ago found in the old files of the Progressive Farmer was nevertheless intended for men only. Hence in order to avoid offending the sensibilities of a host of ladies whose friendship we so highly value, we are printing it upside down and in small type so that only women will find it very easy to skip it. Furthermore, we disclaim all responsibility for it now and throw all the blame on whatever male concocted it about 1880.

If the year has been kind of a doer,  
Don't you see how you got it and how much,  
If there's anything wrong in a woman,  
It's something she ought not to know,  
If she's got to stand on her head,  
It's down the world set at it somehow,  
The best of the world is a something  
Keep your finger like a nail in a something

OUR thanks to Esther Holberg of Fairfield, Montana, for sending this reprint verse from her scrapbook.

### LIFE

Life! We've been long together  
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;  
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear,  
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear.  
Then steal away, give little warning,  
Choose thine own time.  
Say not "Good night," but in some brighter clime  
Bid me "Good morning!"

—ANNA BARBOULD

WE are happy to reprint this poem sent us by Eunice K. Lewis, 750 Second Ave., E. N., Kalispell, Montana, which is from an old issue of Good Housekeeping.

### I HAVE SEEN BEAUTY

I have seen beauty in the deathless green  
Of cedars and in autumn's crimson sheen;  
But never quite so soulful or so fair  
As when I find her up an alley stair  
Where children call and patient women hum  
A dreary day away when night has come.

I have seen magic in a young man's eyes  
Who dwelt in tenebrous yet shored the seas;  
Have felt my breath while once a noon sun  
Shone  
Its shaft of saffron on a cloakline hung  
Between dark windows; and marvelled when  
The stars spilled silver on its cloth again.

I have seen beauty in a plain, clean room—  
An upper room where all love's flowers  
Bloom  
For two old hearts; and where more light  
Has shone  
Than charms in moonlit seas, white and  
alone;  
And once down in a far, back road I found  
The Christ where Magdalene wept on the  
ground.

You best will find her where the people plod—  
For beauty walks where walks the sons of  
God.

—PHILIP JEROME CLEVELAND

MRS. BESSIE WINDSOR, Box 543, Falls City, Nebraska, sends us one of her favorites, which we are glad to pass along.

### MENTAL GARDEN

Recklessness is an ugly thing,  
It crowds the roses out;  
Keep your mental garden fair;  
Put harmful things to rout.

Seed-thoughts that you cultivate  
Within your fertile mind  
Bring forth varied blossoms  
According to their kind.

Anger, malice, worry, fear  
Are noxious mental aids;  
Quickly rid your mind of them  
Before they choke as weeds.

Faith, gentleness, humility,  
Truth, patience, unselfed love  
Are specimens of seedlings rare,  
Approved of God above.

Your mental garden is a place  
In which you daily dwell;  
Let nothing ugly flourish there;  
Safeguard and tend it well!

—GRENVILLE KLEISER

# SUE SUTTON'S

## Menus

### SUNDAY

Jellied Tomato Soup  
Cheese Crackers  
Baked Ham Slice  
with Rhubarb Sauce  
Fried Canned Sweet Potatoes  
Cooked Cabbage Slaw with  
Pimiento Garnish  
Corn Bread      Butter  
Lemon Sherbet or Orange Sherbet  
Sugar Wafers  
Iced Coffee, Tea, or Milk

### MONDAY

Canned Kidney Beans in  
Tomato Cups  
Buttered Sliced Carrots and Turnips  
Sweet Pickles, Ripe Olives,  
Radishes, and Salami Slices  
Toast      Peanut Butter  
Sliced Oranges      Filled Cookies  
Coffee, Iced Tea, or Milk

### TUESDAY



Scalloped Ham and Cabbage  
(Ham and cabbage left over  
from Sunday)

Buttered Boiled Potatoes  
Mixed Leftover Vegetable Salad  
with French Dressing

Whole Wheat Bread      Butter  
Banana Coconut Cream Pie  
Coffee, Tea, or Chocolate Milk



### WEDNESDAY

Baked Lamb Steak Roll-up  
with Bread and Whole Kernel  
Corn Stuffing

Buttered Diced Asparagus  
Summer Greens Salad Bowl  
with Mayonnaise and  
Sour Cream Dressing

Bread      Butter  
Crushed Berries in Tart Shells  
Coffee, Tea, or Milk



### THURSDAY

Braised Short Ribs of Beef  
Steamed Rice      Milk Gravy

Summer Squash with Onion Butter  
(Add grated onion to butter  
for seasoning)

Sliced Tomatoes with Salad Dressing  
Heated Rolls      Butter  
Canned Peaches in Lime Gelatin  
Iced Coffee, Tea, or Milk Shake

### FRIDAY

Cheese Souffle  
Heated Potato Chips  
Creamed Sliced Carrots  
with Diced Green Pepper  
Beef and Sardine Salad  
with Mayonnaise

French Bread      Butter  
Fresh Cherry Upside-down Cake  
Coffee, Tea, or Milk

### SATURDAY

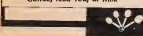
Cold Plate of Liverwurst,  
Bologna, Pressed Ham,  
and Swiss Cheese

Heated Canned Spaghetti  
Dill Pickles

Butter-fried Onions  
Buns      Mustard      Butter

Fruit Campote of  
Sliced Bananas, Oranges,  
and Grapefruit

Coffee, Iced Tea, or Milk



### JELLIED TOMATO SOUP

*A refreshing appetizer*

2 tablespoons un-  
flavored gelatin  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup cold water  
2 bouillon cubes  
 $2\frac{1}{2}$  cups hot water  
1 cup cooked tomatoes

2 tablespoons finely  
chopped onion  
2 tablespoons finely  
cut parsley  
1 teaspoon salt  
2 whole cloves

Soften gelatin in cold water. Dissolve bouillon cubes in hot water; add tomatoes, onion, parsley, salt, and cloves; and boil slowly 10 minutes. Add softened gelatin; stir until dissolved. Strain; put vegetables through sieve; measure; and add hot water to make 4 cups. Pour into bouillon cups; chill. Garnish with unsweetened whipped cream. Serves 6.

### COOKED CABBAGE SLAW

*With pimiento garnish*

1 medium-size  
head cabbage  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup finely sliced  
green pepper

$\frac{1}{2}$  cup salad  
dressing

Wash cabbage; shred coarsely; cook in large amount boiling salted water in uncovered kettle 10 minutes, or only until tender; and drain immediately. Add pepper and salad dressing; toss lightly to mix. Serve hot on lettuce. Garnish with strips of pimiento. Serves 6.

### CANNED KIDNEY BEANS IN TOMATO CUPS

*Quickly prepared*

6 medium-size  
tomatoes  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt

1 No. 2 can kidney  
beans  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup grated  
American cheese

Wash tomatoes; scoop out centers. Season tomato cups with salt; fill with beans; and sprinkle with cheese. Bake 20 minutes, or until beans are heated through and tomatoes are tender, in moderate oven (350° F.). Serves 6.

### CHEESE SOUFFLE

*Sure and easy*

3 tablespoons  
shortening  
4 tablespoons flour  
1 cup milk  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon pepper

1 cup grated  
American cheese  
3 eggs  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon  
cream of tartar

Melt shortening; blend in flour; add milk gradually; cook until thick, stirring constantly; add seasonings and cheese, stirring until cheese is melted; and cool. Beat egg whites until foamy; add cream of tartar; and continue beating until stiff but not dry. Without washing beater, beat egg yolks until thick and lemon-colored; add to white sauce; and gradually fold mixture into egg whites. Pour into well greased 2-quart baking dish. Bake in pan of boiling water 1 hour, or until firm to the touch, in moderate oven (350° F.). Serve immediately. Serves 6.

### BEET AND SARDINE SALAD

*Something unusual in salads*

2 small can sardines  
 $2\frac{1}{2}$  cups diced  
cooked potatoes  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup diced pickled  
beets  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup diced eating  
apples

2 tablespoons  
finely chopped  
sweet pickle  
1 teaspoon finely  
chopped onion  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup mayonnaise

Drain sardines; break into large pieces. Combine all ingredients; toss lightly to mix. Chill. Serve on lettuce. Serves 6.



DO you want to be President? Or would you rather be right well known in another line—famous as a philanthropist or fan dancer? It's simple. Don't look now, but the last line in this article tells how. (Oh—so you looked? Well . . .)

It's pretty generally agreed that the character affectionately known to millions of youths as Buffalo Bill—the Colonel William F. Cody who became one of the country's national heroes—was the first example of inspired glorification, the first product of the build-up boys.

Shortly after the Custer Massacre a brilliant but erratic writer named Ned Buntline was sent west by an Eastern paper to cover the Indian uprisings. Buntline was a first-class reporter. He also was a first-class poker player—and he loved his poker. William F. Cody at that time was just another provisioner, a man who slew buffalo to feed the troops. He was an unimpressive-looking figure, though, and Buntline started sending dispatches cast about this newly discovered "Buffalo Bill," as he dubbed him.

Whenever news was scarce—or Buntline was in the midst of a poker marathon that wouldn't permit his wandering too far afield—he would sit down at his improvised desk and hang another 50 Indian scalps on Buffalo Bill's belt, or have the plainsman beat another score of redskins in singlehanded combat.

Return of Tarzan." However, one day just before the film was to be released an eccentric-looking musician entered the Hotel Belvedere in New York. He signed the register as "T. R. Zann" and asked for a room on a lower floor to which he could have his own piano hoisted. The piano box was raised with black and tackle and put into the room. Next morning when Professor Zann summoned a bellboy to order breakfast he requested two eggs for himself—and 15 pounds of raw meat for his pet!

The boy, incredulous, asked to see the pet.

Reichenbach had no term-contract arrangement. He sold his ideas at \$1,000 each, and asked \$1,500 a week to work on any project he was putting across.

Although Ziegfeld was best known as a master showman, he was an equally great press agent for himself and his shows. Little



Kitty Gordon—when a "society" woman, it was even more wonderful to see her back.

## THE BUILD-UP



Harry Ziegfeld—much of Ziegfeld's "natural" modesty was the Bruno natural!

The fame of Buffalo Bill's exploits grew until he himself, when he came to write his memoirs, couldn't remember what was fact and what was fiction.

That was only a beginning, and today press-agenting is a big business. One New York newspaper executive has estimated that there are 10,000 build-up boys in that city alone. These boys, however, like their brethren elsewhere, prefer to be known as public relations counselors, or at least press representatives, and they insist they are professional men. "I was not so in the old rough-and-tumble, anything-goes days—the early days of Florence Ziegfeld, Harry Reichenbach, and Dexter Fellows.

Back in 1920 Reichenbach, doing motion picture publicity, had a lemon to peddle to the public—a dud of a film called "The

T. R. Zann revealed it—a full-grown lion lying quietly in a corner. It had been smuggled into the hotel in the piano box. The boy left on the run. When he returned he was accompanied by a squad of police and followed by a gang of reporters from every newspaper and news agency in town. The story of the eccentric professor and his pet lion, which T. R. Zann said he planned to take to Africa, was a front-page story throughout the country. It was not till two days later that the premiere of "The Return of Tarzan" was announced. The follow-up stories, revealing that T. R. Zann was a publicity stuntist, brought the total news image devoted to the incident nationally up to 25,000 columns—and succeeded in turning a second-rate picture into a box-office success. Thanks, of course, to Harry Reichenbach.



Solito Hill—ill—he knew about most of his exploits was what he read in the papers.

if anything was good of a young beauty named Anna Held when newspaper reporters were tipped off that she was ordering hundreds of crates of milk sent to her hotel room.

To satisfy the newsmen's curiosity as to what his protégé did with all that milk, Ziegfeld took them to her suite, escorted them to the bathroom, and revealed the beauteous Anna decorously dunking herself in a tubful of the latest haul. Overnight Anna Held and her heady milk baths became the toast of a nation.

THE late Dexter Fellows, who was known personally to virtually every editor from coast to coast, changed the circus from a tent show to an American institution. Fellows denied being the instigator of the incident (which occurred near the end of his more than 40 years as circus publicist), but his finger was in the pie when pretty little Ida Graf, a midgelet from the Ringling circus, climbed into the lap of astounded J. P. Morgan when the financier was testifying before the Senate banking committee in Washington in 1933. Some of the Senators were shocked, but the whole country chuckled over the picture.

Fellows and his vivid imagination got to be so well known among newspapermen that the latter didn't want the truth from him, preferring instead some of his devil fiction. When he would start off, "Incredible as it

## BOYS



Shirley Henshaw—his beaming beauty, his married Florida south, into pay dirt.



# MOTHER TUSCH

ALL FAMOUS AVIATORS GO TO  
BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA, SOONER  
OR LATER—AND MANY VISIT  
THERE OFTEN. THEY WANT TO  
SEE A WOMAN WHOSE UNIQUE  
HOBBY STARTED A FINE WORK  
BY EDITH BRISTOL

"WHAT'S the matter with your bugle?" Mary Tusch asked. "I haven't heard a note for days."

"Nothing's wrong with the bugle," the bronzed student flier replied. "The bugler's on the blink. He and a flock of others are sick, and not a soul in camp knows how to blow!"

And that—a silence in the place of bugle calls for reveille, mess, and taps across the campus of the University of California—was the beginning of Mary Tusch's career as "Mother" Tusch, the friend and angel of aviators.

It was the first year of the World War. A ground school for fliers was in operation just across the quiet street from the modest little Berkeley cottage that now is known as the Hangar to fliers in all parts of the world.

That silence of the muted bugle rested heavily all day on Mother Tusch. A lot of sick boys over there in the infirmary. Goodness only knew where their mothers were! And what kind of care were they getting—so many sick at once? Suppose one of them were her own boy. . . .

Mother Tusch didn't need to smooth her hair, because it's the nice orderly kind that's always smooth. If she took off her apron, you may bet it was a clean one. She went down the steps from the front door of the little cottage and walked across the oak-dotted campus into her life work on that call on the first of her adopted horde of aviators.

How many hundreds of aviators—war fliers, student fliers, transport pilots, mail fliers, commercial pilots, explorers, stunt men—have been welcomed and helped in the hospitable Hangar on the edge of the campus, not even Mother Tusch could tell you if she tried.

Mother Hubbard of nursery-tale fame gained enduring renown because her cupboard was empty. But Mother Tusch earned her fame and the affection of her boys because her cupboard was filled—filled with coffee and doughnuts. And her heart was filled with understanding and affection and high courage for her flying foster sons.

At first nobody thought about keeping



There's a new foggole for the Hangar since hundreds of fliers came to the Tusch cottage on April 23 to dedicate it as an aviation museum. Here Mother Tusch hears Commander Roy Nesle of Floyd Bennett Aviation Post dedicate the new foggole.

track of the boys who dropped in at the little cottage. The bagler recovered, and so did his buddies. They fell into the habit of talking things over with Mother Tusch while they were in school learning to read maps and learning the construction of motors in the planes they flew.

After a while, as the boys finished their training and left for active service, they sent back souvenirs from foreign battlefields—pictures of themselves and flags and shells and helmets. And today the Hangar is packed and jammed with souvenirs and trophies that any war museum might envy.

The Hangar itself has virtually become an aviation museum, and sightseeing busses in Berkeley point out Mother Tusch's home as a spot worth inspecting. And the first thing fliers visiting in the region of San Francisco Bay do is to check in with Mother Tusch.

The walls of the parlor (it was a parlor then) and the dining room of the little house had new paper on them when one daring dier wrote his name big and black and bold on the wallpaper just under the ceiling. Another added his, with the date and the name of his outfit. Then another. Soon the strip of border paper was an autograph album with names that collectors would covet.

THAT border of wallpaper is yellowed now with 20 years' exposure to the California sunshine. The lower parts of the walls have been resurfaced as the house has been adapted to its changing contents, but the strip that runs around the walls just under the ceiling—a border about two feet deep—stays just as it was when the boys came back from Over There and scribbled their names on Mother Tusch's growing album.

You can't possibly call Mother Tusch a collector of aviation relics and souvenirs. "I



One of Mother Tusch's most treasured items in her collection of aviation mementos is the seal skin cap Admiral Byrd wore on his Antarctic expedition. Here Mother Tusch shows it to grandson Roy Nesle, who is a student of the University of California.

never collected anything," she will explain precisely. "The things just began to come to me. First a boy would say, 'Will you hang my service emblem up while I'm away?' Then he'd send me his photograph. Then pretty soon he'd send me a helmet or a shell from some foreign gun, or maybe a captured flag. First thing I knew I had so many souvenirs I had to keep them with some sort of system. Then we moved the piano and the couch out so that we could arrange the photographs and the propellers on the wall. And then, before we realized it, we had a museum of aviation trophies."

The most recent addition to the Hangar's souvenirs is the black seal skin cap worn by Admiral Richard E. Byrd at Little America which the explorer sent to Mother Tusch.

The cap—you'd know it as first glance from pictures of the Antarctic explorer—is safe under glass, just across from the coat worn by the Duke of Windsor (then Prince of Wales) when he flew over the French lines. Edward gave the garment to the pilot, who in turn gave it to his mother, and from there it found its way to Mother Tusch's cupboard.

Centered on the front wall of the front room—the one that used to be the parlor—is a photograph of Col. Charles A. Lindbergh. It must have been taken just about the time "We" packed up the thermos of coffee, the ham sandwich, and the chocolate bars and took off in the foggy dawn of a Long Island morning in 1927. Very boyish and immature is the Lindbergh of that portrait, and to judge from the place given it, he's tops in the gallery. Tops in Mother Tusch's heart, too, perhaps.

Beside the Lindbergh photograph are two others—each an action picture of a celebrity of the world of aviation. To Mother Tusch each is one of her boys who has written his

name on the autograph border beneath the cottage ceiling. To the left is the picture and autograph of explorer Sir Hubert Wilkins. He wasn't a Sir or anything then, and he's still just as natural and simple, Mother Tusch said with affection and pride. To the right is Admiral Byrd, only then he was Commander Byrd—the greatest explorer of them all, in Mother Tusch's opinion.

If you glance around Mother Tusch's border of autographs, the world of aviation spreads before your eyes.

"There's Lieut. Lowell Smith—and Lieut. Leslie P. Arnold," said Mother Tusch. "Such fine boys! They were among the first round-the-world fliers—six of them. And every man of the six is living today!"

"There's Capt. Eddie V. Rickenbacker, the ace of aces." His autograph is a heavy scrawl of black across the yellowed paper. "There's Lieut. Walter Hinton, and here's the biography he carried. You remember—he flew across the Atlantic in 1919 in the NC-4." Maybe you don't remember, but Mother Tusch does. "That's a piece of the silk from his plane," she said, and she spoke with affection that approaches reverence.

"That one—that's Charles Kingsford-Smith. He flew in the Southern Cross from Oakland, California, to Australia in 1928. And Billy Mitchell—" the name of a brigadier general in the air service is "Billy" to Mother Tusch—"Billy Mitchell is dead. But not in an aviation accident."

"Here's George O. Noville," Mother Tusch went on. "He was with Byrd. And here's Lieut. Clyde Pangborn—Pang' to everybody—and here's the little Bible he carried with him through his service and which he sent me afterward. He flew the first nonstop Pacific flight, you know."

Another treasure is a piece of splintered wood which is a board from the first plane that flew—the one at Kitty Hawk. The Wrights gave it to a friend; the friend heard of the Hangar; and he sent the historic sliver to Mother Tusch to place beside her battle flags and propellers.

SOME of Mother Tusch's treasures spell glory and success; others speak of grim tragedy.

Across one wall hangs a wide board from the fuselage of an Army plane. On it is chalked the last message of its pilots:

"The A-3092.—We have been here for five days and are growing pretty weak. . . . Today we walked a mile and a half up the beach . . . but we were forced to turn back. We are drinking the water from our radiator that is almost gone. . . ."

Thus reads part of the last message of Fred B. Waterhouse and Cecil H. Connolly, Army fliers who in 1919 were forced down on the Mexican border. A 17-day search finally revealed the location where their mangled bodies were buried by fishermen after they had killed them and plundered their plane.

The name of Waterhouse, written by the flier himself, sprawls above the plank that tells his last message; the name of Connolly, beside it, was written by his father.

Perhaps the finest tribute that has come to Mother Tusch came not from one of her American Army fliers but from Capt. William Maus of the German aviation service. A pair of silver wings, which more resemble a wreath than do the spreading pinions used for the American insignia, is the gift from

the German ace, with the inscription "You are the mother of us all."

The autograph of only one woman is included among the boys of Mother Tusch's galaxy. It is—yes, you have guessed it—that of Amelia Earhart Putnam, the flier lost in the remote reaches of Pacific waters on July 2, 1937.

There are treasured flags galore. In the souvenir-stacked rooms of the Hangar, and one more flag was added with fitting ceremony during the formal dedication of the Hangar as an aviation museum on Sunday, April 23, 1939. This flag is the stag-spangled banner which, in an appropriate flag-raising service, was hoisted on the glistening new flagpole in front of the Hangar.

Reunions of veterans at the Hangar are no novelty, but never before had there been a reunion like the one that day. The home-coming and dedication was staged by the Floyd Bennett Aviation Post of the American Legion. (Admiral Byrd is a charter member of this post, which also has Ernie Smith, the first United States to Honolulu flier, as a member.) Everybody of importance in the world of aviation was invited: Army and Navy fliers and retired birdmen—pilots whose uniforms long ago were packed away in moth balls but who brought them out for this occasion.

Post Commander Roy Nevin presided. Telegrams, including a message of congratulation and best wishes from Eddie Ricken-

backer, poured in from all parts of the world. The little house bulged with colonels and captains, in uniforms and civies, all that memorable Sunday as Mother Tusch's old boys came home, bringing her orchids and kisses as affectionate tribute to the Hangar and their foster mother who presides over it.

DEVOTION to her adopted aviators is the most engrossing interest in the life of bright-eyed Mother Tusch. But it's not the only one.

Before that fateful morning when the bugle's silence aroused her curiosity as to what went on in ground camp just across the way, Mary Tusch had already founded the Mothers' Club, composed of Berkeley women who were mothers of University of California students. And her interest in problems of college students was intensified when the depression hit U. C., a cruel sweat along in 1933.

"It was Henry, one of the boys working in my yard, who showed me what needed to be done," Mother Tusch told me, her kind, keen, gray eyes shining through her glasses brighter than the two pairs of wings, one for the Army branch, one for the Navy, that she always wears pinned to her dress.

"Henry had worked hard, mighty hard, for four years and had made his own way through college. It was almost time for commencement, yet he told me that he was going home. 'Aren't you going to graduate?' I asked. 'I have no clothes,' he said. Well, the Lord has

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Names famous in aviation are inscribed on the panel of yellowed wallpaper above the photograph of Mother Tusch's idol—Col. Charles A. Lindbergh. At the left of Lindy's picture, Sir Hubert Wilkins is shown as he photographed the wall, and at the right is a photo of Admiral Byrd as he added his signature.



A board from the ill-fated Army plane in which fliers Waterhouse and Connolly, who later met tragic deaths, were forced down on the Mexican border in 1919. The board, on which are the fliers' photos, is pointed out by Mother Tusch to Capt. A. C. Hornander, personal director of safety stores, Oakland; Capt. E. N. Francis; and Capt. Herle Shick.





## THE BUILD-UP BOYS

(Continued from page 13)

newspapers had heard of these letters and knew the heartless suitor's name, the p.a. booked a stateroom in the man's name on a New York-to-Boston boat. An hour or so before sailing time he went aboard the boat and stilled a suitcase, bearing the proper initials, and a suicide note—"I die for love of Kitty Gordon"—in the stateroom.

The press agent left the porthole open, stepped out of the cabin, and locked the door behind him. As he went ashore before the boat sailed, he tossed the key into the river. When the ship reached Boston, investigation of the locked stateroom revealed the "tragedy" of the man who had climbed through a porthole to a watery grave. And how that juicy tale of pathos and unrequited love made the headlines! And how it set the police hammering at Kitty Gordon's door to demand an explanation when they found they had been hoaxed!

The author of the stunt denies it to this day—and with good reason. The coys are still looking for him.

The profession of press agent underwent a violent upheaval some 14 years ago, after a New York tabloid city editor ran a story drowning David Wark Griffith, the producer, and an entire movie production company at sea. When the next day's papers reported that the Griffith party had not even been in danger, the major news agencies made an agreement that anyone sponsoring fake publicity would be black-listed.

TWO important events in recent history have played an even greater part in molding the profession—the World War and the depression. Many of today's leading publicists helped write propaganda for this country during the war, and that task opened up huge new vistas to them. These men, who had till then been devoting their talents to gaining an inch of publicity for trained scabs or opera singers, saw a whole nation propagandized into a war it probably would not otherwise have entered, and it turned their thoughts to national rather than local fields.

And after the war came the depression, one effect of which was to accelerate the growth of the already fast-growing giants of public relations. After 1929 a public that had been clamoring to buy, at the seller's price, suddenly stopped buying. Businessmen, who had scarcely had to give a second thought to the public pulse, began groping for it, began wondering how they could build up confidence and good will.

That was where the public relations counsel, the glorified press agent, stepped into the picture. Today in the nation's big banks and industries the public relations counsel sits in with the board of directors, and he frequently not only tells them what to do but often ends up directing their business for them. For example, there is Edward R. Stettinius Jr., who headed public relations for General Motors before becoming chairman of the Board of United States Steel.

Edward L. Bernays is one of these ultra-modern press agents who thinks in terms of 120,000,000 customers for his clients. When the American Tobacco Company hired him in 1935 to help make Lucky Strike cigarettes popular with women, Bernays set about organizing a huge and resplendent charity event—the Green Ball—at the Waldorf-Astoria.

Its motif was green, its cost was \$30,000,

and its idea was to popularize the color green for feminine wear—to make it a new national fad. Since the well dressed woman likes to have her ensembles harmonize, even down to the color of the cigarette package in her handbag, what would be more natural than that she should carry the red-and-green Lucky package? Mr. Bernays didn't mention this minor point while arranging the ball, of course, nor did George Hill, president of the American Tobacco Company, mind the \$30,000 spent on popularizing green, for that amount seems insignificant when one considers that between 1925 and 1936 Mr. Hill spent \$100,000,000 advertising and publicizing his products.

When Charles Augustus Lindbergh landed in Paris after his lone-eagle flight across the Atlantic and presented three letters of identification and introduction to his admiring greetings, the whole world chuckled at the modesty of the young man who was so naïve as to think that he needed letters of introduction after such a feat. However, press agent Harry Bruno didn't laugh—or if he did, he laughed quietly—for he was the man who had given the letters to Lindbergh. When the aviator returned to this country, Bruno's task should have been an easy one. He didn't have to build up a hero; the hero had built himself up. Bruno's task wasn't easy, though, for it was up to him to see that the hero's halo didn't tarnish. Every crackpot promoter in the country was struggling to climb aboard Lindbergh's coat-tails and ride to glory with him, and it was Bruno's job to keep them off, to make sure that Lindbergh got nothing but favorable publicity. And we all know he did a good job.

In the spring of 1935 the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, one of Bruno's clients, purchased a new airplane and asked Bruno to stage a christening party for it. The publicist did some research, learned that May 15 of that year was the 17th anniversary of the first air-mail flight in this country.

The oil people got their plane christened, all right, and thanks to Harry Bruno they saw it christened before a crowd of 50,000 people who had gone to Newark Airport in honor of the first National Air Transport Day (also thanks to Bruno). Messages were received from the governors of every State in the Union. All the big air transport companies had planes on the field for inspection and free rides. And for several weeks the event attracted nationwide interest.

THINGS looked pretty glum in Florida after the real estate boom collapsed there. Property that couldn't have been bought at any price went begging. Then Steve Hannagan, retained by the hotel interests to help salvage something on their investments, stepped into the picture. By the simple expedient of importing pretty girls by the carload, posing them against inviting beaches and semitropical backgrounds, and scattering the pictures broadcast to the newspaper offices of the country, Hannagan put Florida back on the map.

It is men like Hannagan and the late Ivy Lee who really deserve the title of public relations counsel. When Sam Insull, snarling and fighting like a trapped wildcat, was brought back from Greece to stand trial as a utilities empire wrecker, Hannagan counselled him to register humility on the witness stand. So when Insull came to trial, his role was

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## SWEET, SIMPLE, AND DEMURE

(Continued from page 9)

Sam, but all Sam said was, "I took him off the LeRoy picture for a few days. He's been working too hard."

Judy saw them come in and waved to them to come over.

"We wanted you to know, Sam," she said then. "Bob and I are really flying to Mexico to be married. As you let Bob off for a few days, too, we thought—"

"Well, well!" Sam grinned. "Now, wasn't that nice of me?"

There was a lot of handshaking and a toast to the happy couple. Then Judy said, "Hahn't you better see about the luggage, dear?" And Harris went off to see about the luggage.

On his way out he passed Archie Frantz coming in. Frantz looked desperate. He strode over to the group at the bar, nodded curtly to Sam and Mike, and said tersely to Judy, "Judy, you can't! I've got to talk to you right away! Before you make this horrible mistake and ruin—"

"Excuse us," Judy said hastily, looking quickly at Sam and Mike. And she took Frantz's arm and led him to the other end of the bar. Mike Westerly noticed that their voices were a little louder than necessary and carried to his own ears and Sam's very clearly.

"Archie," Judy was saying, "we've been all through this before. I admire you tremendously, and I shall always esteem your friendship, but I don't love you, so I can't marry you."

Mike Westerly nudged Sam's arm and said in a low voice, "Get this. I have an idea it's for your benefit. Plot very simple: Gal who's thought to be glamorous loses role; she wants to glamour gal. Therefore glamorous gal acts out to steal glamour gal's own man away from her to prove convincingly to producer how wrong he was. Clear?"

Sam Hertle didn't reply, but he smiled slowly, looking into his half-filled cocktail glass.

The conversation proceeded, Frantz pleading and Judy kind but firm. It was beautifully timed, because after just two minutes the Mexico plane's departure was announced on the public address system.

Judy said, "Good-by, Archie, dear," and reached up and kissed him hurriedly. She rushed over and said, "Good-by, Mike, Sam," and looked at Sam scrutinizingly—almost hopefully.

But Sam Hertle's face told her nothing. "Good Luck, Judy," Sam said, and then she was gone.

When the door had swung shut, Mike Westerly said, "Clever girl, Sam! Did the demonstration convince you, and will she—"

"Sweet, simple," he said, and chuckled. "Like you said the first day, Mike—lovely. A girl who would think of a thing like that to prove to Sam Hertle—"

He didn't finish, because Archie Frantz came down from the end of the bar at that moment, and he couldn't be grinning the way he was with a broken heart.

Sam said, "Nice work, Archie, and thanks." And then he said louder, "You can come out now, Madelyn."

Madelyn LeRoy appeared from a booth at the side where she had been hiding. She started toward Sam, smiling, but Sam frowned and said, "Not yet, Madelyn. Finish the scene. We got to have proof, remember, in case we need it."

Madelyn went straight into Archie Frantz's arms. They clung for a minute, then started toward the far wall. They were both grinning like fools, and Archie dug into his inner coat pocket, pulled out a paper, unfolded it. He held it before him while they both walked almost to the wall. Two feet from the wall he stopped and stood still.

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# The Unhappiest Birthday



Happy birthday to me! Several of my friends will gather on a surprise at my birthday party (or should I say wake?)

OR—IS THERE ANY HOPE FOR THE MAN OF 30? • BY FISH

NEXT week I am going to have a birthday—something I do every year about this time. The Sampsons are coming over, and Clarence and Myra and probably the Evanses, for a small party and I am going to get my favorite dessert—bread pudding. Also, I am going to get a smoking jacket from my wife. All this is strictly a surprise on me, after the manner of birthday surprises, and I shall appear simply fishbergasted and swear on a stack of almanacs that I never had an inkling of the plot.

All of us are dreading the whole business. Yes, my friends, the occasion lies as heavily upon our hearts as the snows of well over a quarter of a century. It will be more in the nature of a wake than a party. Most of my friends who will be present have recently observed the same birthday anniversary or are rapidly approaching it and so all of them will show the proper somber respect. I will be 30 years old.

I have taken a careful poll among my friends and the unanimous opinion is that 30 is the worst of all birthdays. When you are under 30 you can go round reveling in youth with a capital Y, and when you get to 40 you find a raft of literature awaiting you, all of it proving that "Life Begins" then (and, incidentally, sneering at people who are 30).

From 50 to 60 you are among the group that runs the world. After that you gain respect with the years. From 70 up you may boast how old you are, but when you are 30 you are too acutely aware that you're not a youth any more and that you haven't got anywhere and that nobody has even bothered to write any encouraging books or articles about you. Moreover, when you are 30 you suddenly wake up to the fact that those high school cousins aren't treating you with any respect because of the faded athletic prowess of your schooldays. The respect you do get is only the condescending kind they feel is due anyone older than themselves. And when you walk across the college campus you prowled six or seven years ago you are conscious that those graceful, beautiful coeds who answer the descriptions of heroines in stories, and those strong handsome young men, like the illustrations of the heroes, are no longer looking upon you as one of them but probably as one of the faculty.

Also when you are 30 you read that at 27 William Brightwin has just published his second best-selling novel, and that Oliver Smart-boy, at 28, is a Congressman from North Carolina. Famous people like Orson Welles turn out to be 23, and you suddenly discover that old "Brick" Thompson—the gent you played football with—has at 29 been elected justice of the small claims court and is now legitimately called Judge Thompson. And you walk into a hospital and meet one

of the resident doctors, and you recall that he was that little freckle-faced boy who was two classes behind you in school.

WHEN you are 30 you meet Earl Tobin, who was in the same fourth grade back in grammar school, and find that now he has a daughter in the fourth grade and a son in the second. And then you recall that one of



An old school friend reveals to me that he has two children—a daughter, who's in the fourth grade, and a son in the second

Whatever sport you take up, there's always some small fry around to remind you that you'll never be able to master it

If I should be elected President in 1944, I'd at least get to be famous as the Boy President. Well, my hat's in the ring—and I know I have one enthusiastic backer



your grandmothers reached that state at the age of 34. It is possible, too, that you will meet Earl again before you get out of these 30's and find that he is a grandfather. As soon as this sinks in, you feel grandfatherly immediately.

When you are 30 the athletic stories, true or fictional, rub in the fact that one contestant's age is against him—he's 29. At the athletic club you become a senior member and are no longer expected to give your best, obviously because they don't think you have it any more.

When you take up badminton or skiing at 40 or 50, everybody thinks it fine that you have retained so much lively interest in sports and they refer to you as a game old dab. However, if you take them up at 30, you are only an old dab. And every time a 14-year-old small fry whizzes by you over a ski hill you'd break your leg on, it convinces you that you'll never master that sport. Sometimes I feel like waiting until I am 60 to try anything. Then I shall be just as good at it as I would be now, and besides I'd get some credit for trying.

Just thinking about it makes me understand why newspaper editors and reporters put 30 at the end of each story to indicate that that's all, for 30 certainly seems to mean the end of capital-Y youth, all right.

Right now I can see but one possibility of ever feeling young again. I could have become a representative in Congress five years ago, and next week I shall be eligible for the Senate. However, as I do not expect to make it right away, I am simply looking forward to the possibility.

The President must be at least 35, and as the youngest President we ever had was 42, I am sure that if I were elected in 1944 (I shall be ripe then) everybody would refer to me as the Boy President.

I wish you folks would keep this in mind. It seems little enough for an old fellow to ask on his unhappiest birthday.



# THE REEL DOPE

## "YOUNG MR. LINCOLN"

Produced by 20th Century-Fox  
Directed by John Ford

**CAST**—Henry Fonda, Alice Brady, Marjorie Weaver, Arleen Whelan, Eddie Collins, Pauline Moore, Richard Cromwell, Donald Meek, Durris Bowden, Eddie Quillan, Spencer Charters, Ward Bond, Milburn Stone, Cliff Clark, Fred Kohler, Jr., Kay Linaker.

**SITUATION**—An intimate picture of one important phase in the life of Abraham Lincoln during his early manhood.

**COMMENT**—This film does credit to the motion picture industry. It is a fine example of the effectiveness of quiet, simple dignity as personified by the Great Liberator. However, the thought may occur to you (as it did to me) that the chief character in the film would be almost as interesting if he were fictitious and not Lincoln. This statement is intended as a compliment to the creative genius of scenarist Lamar Trotti and the imaginative direction of John Ford. Excellent work.

Film patrons who recall Abe Lincoln's great love for Ann Rutledge may think that this episode in his life is treated too casually in the picture. And students of the great man's life may find fault with other factual material in the story. So it may be well to remind our readers that another film based on the life of Lincoln is soon to be made. It is to be made by RKO from the stage play "Abe Lincoln in Illinois." This drama, written by Robert E. Sherwood (THE FAMILY CIRCLE, January 13, 1939), won the Pulitzer Prize, and was purchased by RKO at a huge figure. When 20th Century-Fox decided to do a film about Lincoln, they were, of course, anxious to avoid presenting any material which might be construed as plagiarism. This made it necessary for 20th Century to accent certain facts in the life of Lincoln and treat others lightly. (Despite which caution, Mr. Sherwood started a court action against 20th Century-Fox, claiming damages.)

Henry Fonda's performance as Lincoln is superb. This contribution establishes Hank as one of our finest young actors. And his makeup is a masterpiece. Others rating chieftains are Alice Brady, Richard Cromwell, Eddie Quillan (who always delivers), Ward Bond (another foolproof worker), and Spencer Charters.

The character of Mary Todd is played by Marjorie Weaver, but the part has been written down to such a thumbnail sketch that Miss Weaver has little chance of getting going.

**OPINION**—A tender, compelling picture. See it.

## "TARZAN FINDS A SON"

Produced by MGM  
Directed by Richard Thorpe

**CAST**—Johnny Weissmuller, Maureen O'Sullivan, John Sheffield, Ian Hunter, Henry Stephenson, Frieda Inescort, Henry Wilcoxon, Laraine Day, Morton Lowry.

**SITUATION**—Laraine Day, and Morton Lowry, wealthy young English couple, and their baby crack up while flying over the African jungle. Only the baby survives, and he is taken by Cheeta, chimpanzee pal of Tarzan (Johnny Weissmuller), to the Tarzan abode, where Mrs. Tarzan (Maureen O'Sullivan) welcomes him. By the time the baby is about

five years old, he (John Sheffield) is a miniature Tarzan. Then Henry Stephenson, Ian Hunter, and Frieda Inescort come looking for the lost fliers and their child because the disposition of a great fortune depends upon proof of the death of the couple and their baby. If their deaths can be proved, Hunter and Frieda stand to profit greatly. However, Stephenson recognizes in the young Tarzan characteristics of his father. Hunter tries some dirty work, but there's always Tarzan to be reckoned with. . . .



In "Tarzan Finds a Son," little Johnny Sheffield, as the foster son of John "Tarzan" Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan, does everything the big Tarzan does, even, to pounding his chest in self-applause after making a daring swinging-vine leap.

**COMMENT**—The youngsters should enjoy this one, and I think the grownups may get a few chuckles and laughs out of some of the situations and lines. One line in particular is a gem. It comes when Henry Stephenson and his party of Londoners are being elevated to Tarzan's treetop home by Tarzan's one-lephant-power elevator (jungle patent No. 1). Stephenson sighs and says, "What a charming way to live!" At this the preview audience sent up a howl of laughter that must have been heard for blocks.

Young Johnny Sheffield steals the picture, in my opinion. The boy rams his way through the film, obviously enjoying running about almost naked, swimming, climbing trees, and acting like any well behaved young product of the jungle.

Johnny Weissmuller has some excellent

swimming scenes, especially those of his pursuit of the vagrant giant lily pad which is carrying the young Tarzan toward the great falls and certain death. (How and why that one lily pad gets loose from a great cluster and starts drifting away all by itself is something to figure out.)

The human actors are at times completely overshadowed by the antics of Cheeta, the chimpanzee. Watch for the scene when Cheeta and Weissmuller whisper jokes in each other's ear at the dining table.

**OPINION**—Aw, go ahead! What's more fun than a trip to the circus?

## "MAISIE"

Produced by MGM  
Directed by Edwin L. Morin

**CAST**—Robert Young, Ann Sothern, Ruth Hussey, Ian Hunter, Cliff Edwards, Anthony Allen, Art Mix, Richard Carle, Minor Watson, Harlan Briggs.

**SITUATION**—Show girl Ann Sothern, stranded in a small Western town, is accused by ranch manager Robert Young of lifting his wallet. She is innocent, but she is broke. After she steals a ride to the ranch with Young, he sends her back to town. But Ann returns as maid to Ruth Hussey, wife of the ranch's absentee owner, Ian Hunter. He is bringing Ruth west hoping to start over with her after she has had an affair with Anthony Allen in the city. Allen follows her, however, and Ann is wise to the setup, but says nothing. She and Robert Young fall in love and plan marriage. Then Ruth deliberately breaks them up and Ann leaves. Hunter commits suicide and Young is accused of his murder. . . .

**COMMENT**—This is one of the stories bought for the late Jean Harlow and allowed to gather dust following her death, because they could find no actress to play the lead in such stories. But now Ann Sothern has been given, and has taken, the chance. The result shows that she need not be afraid of any inability to play such roles, for she offers a good performance. Pert, wisecracking, and completely able to take care of herself, Maisie becomes a thoroughly likable person in Miss Sothern's interpretation.

Robert Young forsakes the playboy type of role and the change is refreshing. Ian Hunter is also good. I have never yet seen him turn in a bad performance. He is one of the few dependables of Hollywood.

Mary C. McCall, Jr.'s screenplay is far above the average for such small budget pictures.

**OPINION**—It will entertain you.

## Sun and Fun and Healthful, Delicious

# DOUBLEMINT GUM

Sun and fun are good for you. So is chewing refreshing, delicious Doublemint Gum.



Daily enjoy popular Doublemint Gum. It's a healthful pleasure because chewing helps keep teeth clean and attractive. So, mother, in this happy way help solve the teeth-cleaning problem with your children. They go for Doublemint Gum's sweet taste but the chewing does the job. Include 1/2 dz. pkgs. of healthful, delicious Doublemint Gum when marketing today.



**"UNMARRIED"**

Produced by Paramount  
Directed by Kurt Neumann

**CAST**—Helen Twelveteens, Buck Jones, Donald O'Connor, John Hartley, Robert Armstrong, Sidney Blackmer, Larry Crabbe, Edward Pawley.

**SITUATION**—Buck Jones, third-rate prize fighter, is knocked out by youngster Larry Crabbe after Buck's manager, Robert Armstrong, has bet the whole purse on him. Broke, Armstrong tries to rob the promoter's safe. He is shot dead. Buck's girl, Helen Twelveteens, finds that Armstrong owned a house in a small town, so she drags Buck there, thinking they will find a cache of money. All they find is Armstrong's son, Donald O'Connor. They stay on, because Donald needs them, as Mr. and Mrs. In fact, they stay for ten years, unmarried. . . .

**COMMENT**—Ten or 12 years ago Buck Jones quit the ranks of Western stars to make a picture called "Lazybones." In it Buck proved himself a capable actor. Now he makes another excursion from the plains and hills and horses. And again he scores, this time as a dumb prize fighter. (All right, you scoffers, see for yourselves.) Helen Twelveteens gets her first good role in a long time and is excellent. She certainly should be seen more often. The picture falls into the human-interest category, with moments of humor, notably when Buck tries to make a speech at Donald's graduation from grammar school.

**OPINION**—Pleasant B.

**"WOLF CALL"**

Produced by Monogram

Directed by George W. Gagner (sic)

**CAST**—John Carroll, Movita, Peter George, Lynn Gury Usher, Holmes Herbert, Polly Ann Young, George Cleveland, John Kelly, Wheeler Oakman, John Sheehan, Charles Irwin, and Grey Shadow.

**SITUATION**—Playboy John Carroll, engaged to Polly Ann Young, is sent by his father, Gury Usher, to the north country to report on a radium mine owned by Usher. There John falls in love with Movita, daughter of a mine chemist, and learns that Wheeler Oakman, mine superintendent, is conniving with his father's business adviser, Holmes Herbert, to make the mine seem unworkable, for their own interests. . . .

**COMMENT**—Although "Wolf Call" is billed as being based on Jack London's novel of the same name, it is a pretty free adaptation. What with airplanes and radios, Jack London seems to fade into the background.

John Carroll, possessor of a fine baritone voice, uses it effectively singing "Love Call," in which he is joined by Movita.

Director George W. Gagner, whom I used to know well as George Wagner when he was a screen writer, gets his first chance with the bull whip and comes through nicely.

**OPINION**—All right as a double biller.

**"6,000 ENEMIES"**

Produced by MGM

Directed by George B. Seltz

**CAST**—Walter Pidgeon, Rita Johnson, Paul Kelly, Nat Pendleton, Harold Huber, Grant Mitchell, John Arledge, J. M. Kerrigan, Adrian Morris, Guinn Williams, Helena Phillips Evans, Esther Dale.

**SITUATION**—Walter Pidgeon, a crusading district attorney, sends Rita Johnson to prison, though she protests she was framed. Then Walter is framed by racketeer Harold

Huber and gets a year on ice himself. Walter goes to prison knowing that he has the enmity of every prisoner there, and he runs into some tough going. . . .

**COMMENT**—Personally I dislike the impression that this picture gives, which is that everybody in prison is a hardened criminal. The film, it seems to me, scoffs at efforts of humanitarians and sociologists to better society as a whole by improving prison conditions. For one thing, Grant Mitchell's role as the prison warden is a caricature and certainly not typical of the many able and sincere wardens who believe in treating prisoners like human beings. Some of the prison scenes, however, are good.

**OPINION**—B.

**"S-O-S TIDAL WAVE"**

Produced by Republic

Directed by John H. Auer

**CAST**—Ralph Byrd, George Barbier, Kay Sutton, Frank Jenks, Marc Lawrence, Dorothy Lee, Oscar O'Shea, Ferris Taylor.

**SITUATION**—To help Ferris Taylor win an election, crooked politician Marc Lawrence fakes a tidal wave over television.

**COMMENT**—Orson Welles certainly started something with that invasion-from-Mars radio broadcast. And for this reverberation we owe him no thanks. "S-O-S Tidal Wave" is a silly film. No smart politician would use such a ruse to keep people away from the polls, for he would know that there would be an investigation later and the election declared void.

**OPINION**—Nay.



In "Unmarried," Buck Jones has the role of a love-brother prize fighter, but looking from the look of admiration he's giving Helen Twelveteens, he's not so dumb as not to know beauty when he sees it.



In "Wolf Call," in the north country renowned playboy John Carroll, a baritone, meets Movita, a soprano. They sing together and soon they find their hearts as well as their voices are in tune.



In "6,000 Enemies," Rita Johnson and district attorney Walter Pidgeon hunter for more tales like this in his film drama of prison life.

**SWEET, SIMPLE, AND DEMURE**

(Continued from page 16)

Mike Westerly looked, gasped. There was a camera's nose sticking out from a wall panel. He turned toward Sam Hertle.

"We got every foot of it," Sam said, smiling like the cat that ate the canary. "This is the final smash close-up. That panel Archie has is a marriage certificate—for him and LeRoy. It's dated two weeks ago."

"B-B-But," Mike Westerly stuttered, "how did you do it? How did you get LeRoy to agree—"

"It's a long story," said Sam.

"Well," said Mike, "that's what bars are for."

"All right," Sam said, motioning to the bartender. "But wait a minute—there's Specs Lovett. He doesn't know what happened, either."

The angular Lovett half strode, half ran up to them. "A few minutes ago I got a telephone call from Bob Harris asking me to hurry over here," Specs said, breathing fast from his unaccustomed exertion. "He said I might be just in time to see something I'd be interested in. But he wouldn't say what. Where is he and what's up?"

"He's just gone and it's a mystery and you're too late and I'm going to solve it for you," Sam told him gently. Then to the bartender, "Make Mr. Lovett's a double one. Mr. Westerly and I will have the same."

"Sam just made a movie," explained Mike to Specs. "Reel one—Judy Blake turns down Archie Frantz and runs off to Mexico to marry Bob Harris. Reel two—Archie Frantz and Madelyn LeRoy display a marriage certificate dated two weeks ago."

"Say!" Specs exclaimed. "Frantz and LeRoy married! So she finally decided to let him catch her, eh? Since when?"

"Since a few days before Judy decided to build Archie up for a leadown," said Sam. "Archie came to me and told me about marrying LeRoy. He said she wanted to keep it a secret as long as she could and that he'd been able to do it till then by paying a few people to postpone filing any record of the license and the ceremony. But he didn't know how to act about Judy. I told him to play up to her and to tell LeRoy just how it was. Then when Mike told me about Bob Harris and how he was acting, I had a talk with Bob. But Judy had already talked to him and told him not to worry—that she was going around with Archie just to show me that she could be a vampire if she wanted to, but that she'd marry Bob just as soon as her new picture was done if he still wanted her. And that's all."

"It is not," said Mike. "What did Bob do? Did he tell her you knew what she was up to? And whose idea was it to make a movie of all the byplay here this afternoon?"

"Oh, that," Sam said. "That was Bob's idea. You see, Judy told him that she was planning to stage the big rejection scene with Frantz here at the airport, and that she was going to ask me to come and see her off. So Bob, who wants her to stay the way she is just as much as the rest of us do, thought it would be a good gag to make a movie that we can show her any time she says 'glamour' again."

"She'll be mad when she finds out," predicted Mike. "But later on she'll laugh about it. And marriage to a nice simple guy like Bob should help convince her the ought to stay sweet, simple, and dem—"

"Hey!" yelled Sam, gesturing with his glass. "That gives me a colossal idea! We'll call Judy's next picture 'Sweet, Simple, and Demure' and the story of it will be just what's been happening to her. How's that for a plot, Specs?"

Specs eyed his boss sadly and shook his head. "Nope," he said, "downing the last of his drink. 'Too complicated. Nobody'd ever believe you!'"



## MOTHER TUSCH

(Continued from page 15)

His own ways of doing things, and He used me to get clothes for that boy. I have a friend who has some boys, and I asked her for some of their clothes for Henry. I didn't know whether Henry could wear them, but I took a chance. The clothes fit exactly, and Henry graduated. That showed me what I could do. I kept on getting clothes and passing them along to boys who needed them. Then after the depression had been on for a while and students were having things rather hard, some of them missed meals pretty regularly. So I began gathering up good food—bread from one of the bakeries, good vegetables that my friends gave me from their gardens—and I very well know that for some of my boys the snack that they had at the Hangar on some days was the only meal those boys had."

Mothers' clubs everywhere can do a great deal of good, Mother Tusch believes, and the good work can be better done through providing food and clothing than through merely giving advice and adopting resolutions.

Mother Tusch is a Westerner—western from Virginia through Ohio to Kansas, and then by covered wagon to California. It took four generations for the trek.

Mother Tusch's late husband Carey—he's been dead 12 years—was a civil engineer. Their two daughters are both married. Dorothybelle (the wartime aviators will remember her) is Mrs. Ovington Ross of Evanston, Illinois. And she has a son, Nils Ross.

The other daughter, Irene, is Mrs. Oliver Rosen. She lives with her mother and is right-hand man in making plans for the museum and its treasures. Her son Roy, a husky lad with dark hair and eyes, is an undergraduate in the University where Mother Tusch has centered her efforts for other boys.

Mother Tusch is brisk in her movements and speech. She's plump and maternal, with fresh, bright color in her face and alert eyes behind her glasses. How old is she? Mother Tusch is ageless; her years do not matter.

For Mother Tusch the biggest event of each year is attending the National Air Races. But every day is a big event. In the brief hour I spent with her a delegation called to ask her to be guest of honor at a patriotic meeting, and a flying colonel, on his way to the airport, dropped in to call. The task of cataloguing her hundreds of aviation pictures and arranging them in proper museum-style is all-engrossing at the moment. When Mother Tusch found that it was expensive having pictures framed, she went to work and learned the art of making frames and cutting glass, and now she does the trick herself.

Humanity looks pretty good to Mother Tusch. Only one thing about people bothers her at all. They will steal pictures. That's why hers—all of them—are securely anchored to the white walls, and the guns and the helmets and the rest of the souvenirs are locked up in glass cases.

If there is such a thing as pretension or pride or front in the men of the air, Mother Tusch doesn't see it. To her they're all boys—as simple and modest and easy to know as the student fliers who were sick in the infirmary more than 20 years ago.

No matter how great they become in the world of aviation, to Mother Tusch they stay as much her boys as the bugler who couldn't blow—the lad who first prompted her into this wholesale mothering business.

*"Hey! come back with the RITZ!"*



## SEE HOW THE WORLD'S MOST HELPFUL CRACKER SETTLES MENU PROBLEMS

Just try it! If someone in the family isn't keen on the salad—serve it with RITZ. They'll love it!

If Johnny thinks milk's a bore, or Mary doesn't like her healthful tomato juice—see if RITZ won't make them change their minds.

This tempting golden cracker has a knack of making everything it is served with taste better. It's so de-

licious to itself it adds a zest to almost all other foods.

Remember, too, that RITZ is glad with soup (hot or cold), with cheese, spreads, all beverages. Put a generous quantity on the bread plate at your next meal and see what happens!

Your food dealer has RITZ, delightfully fresh and crunchily moisture-proof packages.



**Product of NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY**

## THE BUILD-UP BOYS

(Continued from page 16)

that of a bumble, persecuted old man instead of an unrepentant plunderer. Ivy Lee didn't like the way his client, John D. Rockefeller, was coming to be regarded as an ogre of high and dubious finance. Lee told Rockefeller to give away bright new dimes to children—and the nation chuckled at what a kindly benefactor old John D. had become.

All of the build-up boys can't be Brunos and Hannagans and Lees, though, and there are the lowly drumbeaters as well as the lordly trumpeters. And because city editors are probably the most hardboiled clan in the world, the tribe of "praise agents" must be, and are, among the most ingenious, go-getting, imaginative gentry in the country today. Occasionally, however, they get a break, a "natural."

About ten years ago an accident gave the Chicago Theatre in Chicago the answer to a press agent's dream. It happened just two days after the theatre opened. An employee, climbing up to replace a bulb in the huge electric sign in front of the theatre, slipped and fell. A dangling rope caught his foot, suspended him upside down and helpless beside the sign. By the time police and firemen had rescued him, every paper in Chicago had a photograph there. Every paper in the city carried a front-page picture of the dangling man and, of course, the theatre sign. And so the new Chicago Theatre got free front-page advertisements that couldn't have been bought for love or money.

When Oscar Doob, theatre press agent, had the routine job of chartering a plane to fly aviatrix Ruth Elder from Chicago to Detroit on a personal appearance tour, he thought it would be a good stunt if he could persuade Eddie Stinson, the pilot, to land in an obscure cornfield for a couple of hours—long enough for waiting reporters to think the plane was lost.

Ethical-minded Stinson, however, vetoed the idea indignantly. He took the plane aloft, with Miss Elder and Doob aboard, and headed for Detroit, but he ran into a storm, lost his bearings, and actually did get lost. Doob's enthusiasm waned as the plane drifted on through the storm and into descending night-

fall. Just as the gas supply gave out, Stinson was lucky enough to slip down through a hole in the clouds for an emergency landing. But it was morning before Doob could get out of the wilderness to a phone. He got his wish for banner headlines, all right, but he also got a thrill he hadn't been looking for.

Like Harry Bruno with his airplane christening stunt which turned into a national event, this same Oscar Doob, now publicity head of the Loew theatre chain, saw one of his local publicity snowballs roll downhill into an avalanche of statewide controversy. To publicize the picture "Dead End," Doob induced Mrs. Yetta Rothman of New York's Lower East Side to announce that she was going on a baby strike.

She would have no more babies, she declared publicly, until the Government had pulled down her slum dwelling and had given her a decent place in which to live. The story made the papers, and Doob was happy to see in print Mrs. Rothman's statement that she had gained the idea for her "stork strike" after seeing "Dead End." But the snowball had only started to roll.

Mrs. Rothman's plea was taken up by other slum mothers and a crusade was started. Newspapers pictured the terrible conditions under which the Rothmans and their neighbors lived; politicians took up the hue and cry; the newspapers devoted pages of stories and pictures to the slums. Of course, slum clearance has long been a problem in New York, but Mrs. Rothman's crusade gave it undeniable impetus.

WHEN San Francisco's fair opened in February, Sally Rand's Duane Ranch garnered almost as much publicity as the fair itself and has since consistently been one of the most popular exhibits and best money-maker on Treasure Island. But at Chicago's Century of Progress in 1933, Sally's art wasn't fully appreciated until one of the build-up boys, Ben Serkowitz, stepped in.

The Chicago fair, the architectural marvel of the age, was doing fairly well but not well enough. It was, in fact, in the red. Among the fair's attractions was the Streets of Paris, where a number of girls staged a nude dance. Serkowitz chose this locale for his scene of action. There were other girls just

as beautiful and just as good dancers, but Serkowitz selected Sally because she was an experienced trouper—one to be depended upon in any contingency.

The press agent telephoned a woman lawyer who was known for her strict ideas on morals and public behavior and chided her on her lack of public spiritedness in standing by and permitting a nude woman to flaunt her nakedness daily in public. The challenge was taken up.

Sally, who had been making \$65 a week, was promptly arrested and haled into court. The story gained nationwide publicity, Sally Rand's salary went up as high as \$8,500 a week as the public started flocking to see something the law said they shouldn't see.

Shortly after Miss Rand's leap to fame a furious squabble broke out in the newspapers between Sally and Faith Bacon as to who had originated the idea of the fan dance and the bubble dance—in short, the nude dance. Criminals and recriminations flew thick and fast in the press and it looked as if a good cat fight was in the offing.

The two dancers themselves, apparently oblivious of the strife, continued as the best of friends, and while Serkowitz and Madeline Woods, Faith Bacon's press agent, would be sitting in one restaurant hatching up the next day's releases in the battle of the nudes, Sally and Faith would be dining at another cafe and chummily reminiscing over old times.

Finally, however, the press agents went too far, and a what's-this-you're-saying-about-me? attitude sprang up between the two girls, chilling a beautiful friendship.

This summer, while Sally Rand's Duane Ranchers cavort on Treasure Island, Faith Bacon is appearing in showman Nita T. "N.T.G." Granlund's "Congress of Beauty" at the New York World's Fair. Miss Bacon's contribution to this exhibition of virtually unadorned feminine beauty is a fawn (not fan) dance, done to the score of Debussy's "Afternoon of a Fawn." And by way of making the world fawn dance conscious, Miss Bacon, early one chilly April afternoon shortly before the fair opened, stepped out of her Park Avenue apartment clad only in eight autumn leaves and a Grecian drape. She was accompanied by a terrified fawn, a stableman—and her press agent. For 45 minutes Miss Bacon's unconventional g-a-b (or could it have been the fawn?) astonished passers-by. But then the police and a S.P.C.A. agent arrived on the scene. The S.P.C.A. man took charge of the fawn and the police charged Miss Bacon with disorderly conduct and escorted her to a police station. At the station house Miss Bacon expressed her displeasure at the arrest, complaining that she usually is taken away not in an ordinary police car but in a chauffeur-driven motor. Harrowing as the experience may have been to Miss Bacon, it achieved the desired result: Hundreds of columns of publicity—with photographs, of course—in papers throughout the country. All of which should help N.T.G. pay Faith's reported salary of \$1,750 weekly.

City editors may curse the build-up boys as bumptious braggarts and pests, but if it weren't for them, many's the name known to fame that would have died unsmiling, and many's the team of lively and informative feature stories that would remain unprinted.

So, if you want to be President or if you'd rather be right well known in another line, hire yourself a good press agent.

When New York was all agog about surrealist painter Salvador Dali's latest work, build-up boy Tom Hazlett decided client Gracie Allen could cash in on an exhibition of her art that would make Salvador seem like a sober sister. To make the show more surefire, the old oil-proceeds-for-charity hook was used. A leading art gallery displayed the Altamonts and the press and public fell like a volcano for a gold brick. The title of his painting is "Man with Mike Fright Moves over Mountain." Other titles: "Toothless Mouth Munching on a Tasteless Melody," "Eyes Adrift on Sardines Wrench at Your Heartstrings," "Gravity Gets Body Scurious on Virtue as Night Falls Upside Down," "Behind the Before Yet under the Vest Above the World is in Tears and Tomorrow is Tuesday." Said the sponsor, "Gracie has the perfect surrealist mind!"



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# FOOD FOR THOUGHT

BY ROBERT PILGRIM

FROM 4000 UNTIL  
1723 S. 42ND ST. NASH, D.C.  
FOLLOWING



**YOUR NAPKIN** WAS TO BE ADMIRER, NOT USED, AT MANY FASHIONABLE DINNERS DURING RESTORATION TIMES IN ENGLAND. SERVIETTES WERE FOLDED INTO FANCY ANIMAL AND FRUIT SHAPES, AND TO UNFOLD THEM WAS AN UNPARDONABLE FAUX PAS



THE BRATWURSTGLÖCKLEIN, FAMOUS NUREMBERG, GERMANY, RESTAURANT, HAS SERVED ONLY TWO FOODS AND TWO DRINKS FOR OVER 600 YEARS: SAUERKRAUT AND SAUSAGE; WINE AND BEER

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**FOR CRYING  
OUT LOUD!**

IN FRANCE THOSE TEARFUL UNDERCOOKS WHO HAVE HAD THE JOB OF GRATING FRESH HORSE RADISH ARE AFTERWARD GIVEN A SHORT HOLIDAY TO FINISH THEIR WEEPING



## NEWS TIDBIT

MONROVIA, CALIF.-L.E. VINCENT INADVERTENTLY GREW HIMSELF A VEGETABLE DINNER WHEN SOME JOKER SLIPPED EXTRA SEEDS INTO HIS NEW LAWN. RADISHES, CARROTS, CUCUMBERS, BEETS, LETTUCE, AND SPINACH SPROUTED ALONG WITH THE GRASS

FROM AND. J. A. SARTRE,  
FALLBROOK, CALIF.

## FOOD QUIZ

TRY THE FOLLOWING WORDS ON YOUR FRIENDS (ANSWERS ARE IN PARAGRAPHS)

**ORDINARY** (A MEAL FOR ALL COMERS AT A FIXED CHARGE)

**BOXING** (COARSE FLOUR)

**GIGOT** (A LEG OF MUTTON, LAMB, VEAL, OR VENISON READY FOR THE TABLE)

**STATION JACK** (A PUDDING COMPOSED MOSTLY OF SALT BEEF)

**GRISKIN** (A PORK LOIN OR CNOF)

**BOUCHEE** (CREAMED MEAT OR FISH IN PASTRY SHELL)

**PEMMECAN** (LEAN MEAT, DRIED, POUNDED, AND PACKED INTO SACKS OF HIDE)



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UNUSUAL facts about food and home-making are printed each issue in this department. Each issue a first prize of \$10, a second prize of \$5, and several 1st prizes are awarded. Checks are mailed to winners in advance of the issue date. When two or more identical ideas are received, the first one sent will be awarded a prize if any is used. Therefore, please date your entry. Every idea should be accompanied by mention of the source from which you learned it. No ideas or photographs can be returned. No entry is printed sooner than eight weeks after it reaches us, because of the time required for illustration and for printing and distributing the magazine. The contest is continuous. Be sure to address Food for Thought Editor, THE FAMILY CIRCLE, 400 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.

Pilgrim



**CHEESES** MADE IN THE COUNTY OF CHESHIRE, ENGLAND, WERE IN EARLY TIMES MOLDED IN THE SHAPE OF A CAT. HENCE, SAY SOME AUTHORITIES, THE PHRASE "CHESHIRE CAT"

FROM  
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